10.15.09.

Library of the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by The University Press.

Division BX7150

Section B7 O4

A3

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 15 1909
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

RECORD OF THE CELEBRATION BY THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH AND SOCIETY OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INSTALLATION AS MINISTER OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH OF REVEREND GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D. APRIL, MCMIX

Boston

IMPRINTED FOR THE OLD SOUTH SOCIETY
BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

CONTENTS

PAGE

Sonnet — "My Friend" vii

Sunday Morning Service

Opening Prayer 1

Sermon — "Our Contemporaries" 7

Closing Prayer 31

Hymn — "Years and Aspirations" 35

Monday Evening Meeting

Hymn — "The Old South Church" 40

Mr. Hardy's Welcome 41

Theological Changes of a Quarter Century — *Professor Walker* 45

The Man for the Pulpit of To-day — *Professor Evans* 67

The Puritan Church and the Puritan College — *President Eliot* 79

Informal Reception 91

CONTENTS

PAGE

Dinner given by the Old South Club

Hospitality — *Mr. Noyes* 95

Law and Gospel — *Mr. Justice Hammond* 99

Christian Amity, A Message from Sister Churches — *Doctor De Normandie* 103

Literature and Religion — *Mr. Perry* 109

Theology and Ethics — *Professor Palmer* 117

Pew to Pulpit — *Mr. Morss* 127

Retrospect and Prospect — *Doctor Gordon* 133

List of Officers 145

MY FRIEND

WHO is my Friend? The man with vision high
Of utmost good for man, and self-subdued
To service of the same, with soul imbued
In sympathies benign; the beaming eye
With honor bright, and overhead the sky
Of Faith serene and vast; the goal pursued
With steadfast step; the heart that will not lie.
Who is my Friend? The Life that side by side
Marches with mine, that feels the wildness near;
That weakness in me knows and doth not chide;
My Brother in this night of time and fear,
Who loves me in my sore defeat; my guide
To victory; comrade in battle's role!
Howe'er I fare, the other of my soul.

[*In response to a request for an autograph and a sentiment for the Menu of the Anniversary Dinner Dr. Gordon wrote the sonnet "My Friend."*]

Sunday Morning Service

The Fourth of April, Nineteen Hundred and Nine

PRAYER

THIS PRAYER PRECEDED THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON ON SUNDAY MORNING, 4 APRIL, 1909

PRAYER

ETERNAL FATHER, Ancient of Days, Infinite Watcher of men, whose vision is the austere and benign vision of perfect love, we, the children of thy love on our pilgrimage through time, resting here by the way, would praise thee and renew our being from thine, O Perfect Grace and Perfect Truth. We behold, our Father, the generations and the races of men from the morning of the world until now, appearing in the light of thy day, toiling for a few hours in the fields of time, and passing with thy light still upon them under the shadow of death. We behold those who opposed thy will and whom thou didst convince of righteousness through their sin, and we have hope for them. We behold those who through ignorance and unbelief fell by the way, and we look with compassion upon them. We behold those who knew thy will and did it, took the wages thou didst appoint them and were content, who made the world beautiful with their brave and lovely lives and passed at length with the light of thy face on their brow to meet thee in the awe and greatness of thy eternal world. We see again, our Father, the seven generations of thy people who have served thy kingdom through this church — preachers and their people, ministers and servants

together of the cause of Christ — and we thank thee for their faith, their love, their service and their hope. We see again those with whom we have served here — perhaps bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and if not bound to us by the ties of the flesh, bound to us by the greater ties of the spirit. We think of them and their finished work and their peace in thy presence this morning. O Father, bring to bear upon us now the whole of thy hallowed eternity and touch the moments as they fly with depth, with dignity, with austere beauty, fill them with contentment and devotion to thy will; make them moments so full of thy Holy Spirit that all the days that are appointed for us may be better days.

We thank thee for the years that are in our memory to-day; for the fellowship of lives together in this church, in faith, in service, in discipline, in pain, in joy, and in unlimited hope. We thank thee for the enrichment that has come to us in our fellowship one with another — the deeper respect as we have known each other better, the profounder consideration, the richer and finer sympathy, the loftier regard. We thank thee that through our life together thou hast revealed thyself in thy Son, and us one to the other. And we bless thee that we may hope for other days still of such fellowship and service. We commend to thy care, in Christian faith and in dear regard, the persons, the souls, the families of this church and congregation.

Oh, be with us in our inmost life; give us that

love, divine and human, without which our existence is poor and miserable. We thank thee for the treasure thou hast given us in our homes. Keep it from sordidness; keep it from becoming common under the evil custom of the world; keep it fresh and clean and dear, and make it more and more beautiful; make our inmost hearts faithful in those homes and ever more grateful; and cause them to bloom, especially at this springtime, cause them to bloom anew with graces —the unfading graces of thy Spirit. May all our possessions in human friendship and in our human homes be hallowed by the thought that they are ours only for a little while — till death us do part. And may we so live and so hold our treasure now and here, serve with such large and disinterested minds, such brave and such good wills, stand so high and trustful in thy compassion that when we are borne through death into that glorious life beyond, we shall meet again in greater love and vaster service.

Hear our prayer for the dead. May we feel the sanctity and awe of their presence now. May we be richer and loftier because of our assurance of their sympathy and perpetual compassion. Hear our prayer for all the interests that are dear to the disciples of Christ: our city, our Commonwealth; our whole human race. Be with all peoples and all governments; be with thy servant, the President of the United States, and all with him in authority. Continue to guide us, O God, and may thy ministers, the ministers of the Gospel of Christ, be so wise, so pure-hearted, so

clean-handed and so brave that they shall speak in concert and with might the things that concern the kingdom of God in the nation and be heard by the people with gladness. Continue with us while we wait upon thee this hour. Hear the prayer that cannot be spoken; record for us the significance of the memories that cannot be uttered — the flood of life within us, deep, happy, ineffable. And answer our life out of thy greatness, and bring us together into the vision and peace of Jesus Christ, our Lord, in whose Name we offer our prayer, Amen.

SERMON

THIS SERMON WAS PREACHED BY DR. GORDON IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH AT THE MORNING SERVICE,

4 APRIL, 1909

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

"Others have labored, and ye are entered into their labor."
— John iv. 38.

IN the fields of the spirit sowing and reaping go on together; we reap what others have sown; we sow what others shall reap. In any generation of men independence is always wanting, completeness is never present. The generations stand to one another in a vast solidarity; every great idea, every noble enterprise has a history. Tradition is a splendid word degraded in the ignoble custom of the world. Fire has been put out by a line of men running from the flames down to the river from which pails of water were drawn and passed from man to man till poured by the last man upon the conflagration. Such handing onward, such passing down, such tradition from generation to generation is essential to the continuance of civilized society. Human life is itself the great tradition; it is handed down through parenthood; and when the parenthood is worthy the tradition is divine. All our best ideas upon all subjects are an inheritance and an expansion. When at our best we make clearer and completer what we have received, we

pass on to those who shall come after us a world of thought in its infancy to be raised to maturity and power. In this vast tradition we stand in a threefold order, as predecessors, as contemporaries, as successors. We who are here to-day are successors to those who preceded us; we are predecessors to those who shall by and by occupy our places; we are contemporaries in possession of our world for a few great hours.

On this significant day I am to speak to you as contemporaries of one another, older and younger indeed, but together sharing the privilege of human existence, moral service and Christian faith.

1. Good contemporaries do not fail in affectionate veneration for the past in so far as it has been great; they do not fail in pity and sorrow for it in so far as it has been mean. Noble spirits like to rehearse the story of the heroism of other times; they dwell with pleasure upon the mighty thoughts and deeds of those who were of old; they love to renew the memory of the gracious and valiant past, to paint upon the canvas of to-day the faces of the brave men and the beautiful women of yesterday. It is part of the high privilege of existence to renew together the vision of the thinker and doer, the poet and prophet, the ruler and reformer who wrought to redeem our world. When I was a lad working on a farm there stood in the background of the land-

scape a shapely and lofty hill. Much of the time I was too busy to see it, much of the time it could not be seen owing to cloud and storm; but now and then it rose up in some great sunset in such beauty and majesty that I was constrained to look at it and to love it. I recall, too, many a time walking a mile that I might look upon it at a certain angle, that I might see it at its best. Gradually the feeling grew within me that whether I saw it or not, I knew it was there, the great, dark, stable background of my life, the meeting place of earth and sky, the fountain of refreshment for the fields spread out between it and the sea, the center of wonder and love. So our noble predecessors appear. They are the background of our existence. We are too much absorbed to think of them often; we are imprisoned in the grave interests of the present; but now and then we have leisure to pause, to lift our eyes to the hills whence our lives have descended, to stand for a few great moments in the vision of the mighty of the generations that have gone before, as of endless mountain ranges, whose far-soaring summits are transfigured in the glow that sometimes falls upon them out of heaven. At such times we know that without that past we should be nothing; without it we should be bereaved of our greatest teachers, our wisest leaders, of the world which they made habitable, fruitful, and beautiful for us.

Within this vaster world of historic man, as a circle narrow but precious within the mighty circumference of the ages of the great and good, we recall the background of this church. We think of the fifteen ministers of the church who in various ways and in different measures served it, and who left no stain upon its fair name. Their names are graven on yonder tablet, dim but precious, and in the dim religious light of this edifice, still drawing our thoughts to highest things, and hallowing our rich humanities out of the heaven in which they live. We think of Franklin and Sewall and Samuel Adams, typical of hundreds less eminent but equally worthy, who are forever associated with this church. We think of a nameless multitude, like a vast white cloud rising in the field of vision, glorious in light and purity, men and women who saw here the heavenly vision, who through a thousand discouragements pursued it, who found it their inspiration in life and their hope in death. We turn to that precious past in grateful honor; we confess with delight that we reap what we did not sow; that as we bring our sheaves with us we think with affectionate veneration of the seven generations of the noble and wise who went forth weeping bearing precious seed, casting it abroad in this community in a sublime vision of the future. Our harvest is first of all in their honor; if this were a banquet instead of

a sermon we should rise and salute them in silent, immortal honor.

2. Good contemporaries do not fail in solicitude for their successors. On this I need not dwell. The anxiety of all noble parenthood relates to the future of the children when the world shall be theirs, and when no father or mother shall be present as a shield against evil and pain. All wise men live out of the future no less than out of the past. The state of the world as they inherit it is not ideal; they desire to bequeath it in a better condition than they found it. For this world is like an entailed estate. We receive it from our predecessors, here wonderfully improved and there dismally impoverished; and when we are great enough in character we wish to add to the improvements others of our own; and to undo the work of the prodigal and villain. It is part of the privilege of existence to be concerned about the state of the world as inherited by our successors. Our interest in industrial and social reform, in our schools and colleges, in all forms of education, in the total higher character of our city, our commonwealth and country, in religious faith and religious service, is a heart interest in the coming generation of Americans. Our obligation to the future is vast and solemn; with the vision of the City of God in our eyes we would work for the Americans that are to be. And as we thus work we say in the

great words of Webster, "Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity and the light of everlasting truth."

3. After we have suitably honored those who went before us, and tenderly greeted those who shall come after us, it is permissible to dwell for a few moments on our contemporaries. And here it must be admitted that now and then our contemporaries appear a queer lot, in the expressive phrase of Burns, "an unco squad." There is profound and incessant competition among us; there is grave misunderstanding; occasionally there is malice. In cases of transcendent genius or when genius is born out of due season, the hostility of the human environment sometimes

becomes tragic. Here we think of poets like Milton and Dante, reformers like Ridley and Latimer, prophets like Savanarola and Hus, the Christian apostles and their divine Master. In such instances the contemporary world in its leading class is woefully blind and cruel; and the man of genius is compelled to appeal to the supreme court of the future. It is necessary, in such high examples, to call upon coming time to redress the wrongs done by the present time, to intrust one's cause and one's good name to the manhood of the future where the present generation has been so woefully unjust. The world and the ages is the supreme court of appeal: it is forever open to misunderstood, misrepresented, persecuted, and assassinated genius and goodness.

On the whole, for the average servant of his time, I look with gratitude upon the severities of the human environment. To serve the present age is all that our Maker requires of most men. If we fail to do good now, it is futile to expect that we shall do good to any future generation. And in qualifying us for service here and now, the severities of our human environment are essential. People sometimes sigh over the fact that the Garden of Eden had a forbidden tree in it, and a serpent; I think if there had been a hundred forbidden trees in it, mixed with the other trees, and serpents hissing from every bush, Adam and Eve might have fared better. The

universal hostility might have called into being keen and sleepless vigilance and a moral caution always on duty. As I read the tragic story of human failure, I find that it proceeds from a fancied security seemingly warranted by the general friendly aspect of the environment. It takes but one lion or tiger in a jungle to kill the unwary traveler ; and if he were told that he must be armed for an encounter with many wild beasts, his chances of escape might be better. Among preachers this is surely true. The human environment is apt to be too friendly, especially in their youth. The people assume that these preachers are wonderfully good, wonderfully gifted ; some of the people speak of them as if they were saints. In such heavenly love abiding the young preacher is apt to neglect profound and systematic study ; he is apt to think lightly of carefully prepared courses of thought ; he is apt to become extempore in intellect, in character, and in service ; and an extempore teacher and preacher of religion, in the exact sense of the word, is on the way to perdition with his devoted people following hard after him.

I give thanks to-day that I was called to a work greater than the powers with which I came to it, that I saw from the first that if I were ever to equal my task it must be by continuous growth. I give thanks for the general suspicion of my ability, for the widespread sense of doubt concern-

ing the character of my message. I give thanks for the outspoken opposition to my views and purposes on the part of strong and brave men. I felt that I had come to live among men who had convictions, who had the courage to express these convictions, and to stand by them when it was unpopular so to do. I now give thanks that a large minority voted against my installation as minister of this church, that these men gave steady utterance to their distrust of me, that for eight years after my settlement here, I could appear as a speaker in my own denomination nowhere without meeting a chill as from the regions of eternal ice. I give thanks to-day and with the utmost sincerity and solemnity for the intrinsic difficulty of my task, made tenfold more difficult by the atmosphere charged as it was with intense and enduring hostility.

The reasons for my thanksgiving are easily stated. I knew that I had to prepare for battle, that the battle was to be a campaign. I knew that there must be no trifling. Whatever of capacity lay in me, as thinker, as preacher, as friend to the human soul, as man, was needed in this contest. I must revere and cherish every possibility; I must seek through long years of diligence and honor the realization of power. To do anything else would render defeat and disaster inevitable. And if the result is far less than it might have been, it is much more and higher than it

would have been had not the severe humanities of my environment created vigilance, self-control, and filled the solitudes of existence with divine companionship and protection. Woe to you, young man, when all men speak well of you. You are a mollusk and not a man; and if you are a man still without prodigious care, that atmosphere of adulation will surely convert you into a jelly-fish. When Solomon was going down hill, the Lord raised up an adversary against him; and when that did no good, still another adversary was divinely raised up. Even the wrath and malice of our contemporaries may become help from on high, as a headwind at sea serves to keep the great steamer's furnaces going at full blast; and the adverse opinions and influence of noble men are a divine force in the evolution of a just, sane, responsible manhood.

There is room in the human environment for the benign no less than the severe. The mother's caress is always in order, the father's word of love and hope is never out of place; because the world may be confidently relied upon to administer the antidote. The home with its endearment, expectation, and abounding love is a precious qualification of an otherwise too severe environment; it is like the flood of June sunshine that tempers the strong east wind into a pleasant and wholesome servant of life. There is room for our friends, and all their exaggeration of our

power and our worth. Their glorious confidence, their shining affection, and their warm hope make the atmosphere of our lives a delight and an incentive.

Here again I give thanks. The men and women who called me to become minister of this church were one and all friends. The members of the joint-committee of the church and of the society who presented the call, only one of whom survives to this day, gave me steadfast support. When I was received into the church on Friday evening, March 7, 1884, the welcome I received was profoundly moving; and it was prophetic. Brave men and beautiful women came forward and gave me the right-hand of fellowship, a hand withdrawn only in death. The adverse feeling in the Council only stirred to a greater depth the loyalty and devotion of my people. Following upon the first Sunday came a Tuesday evening reception. Such functions have not for me an exaggerated fascination; but the vision that came to me and that brightened forever that evening has remained, and will remain, a heavenly vision. I saw a company of youth, supported by their parents and kindred, to whom it was to be the privilege of my existence to bring the divine illumination and transfiguration. After this beginning in storm and friendship and romance, came the long, hard, laborious years. I can think of nothing finer than the wise support, the noble

friendship, the patient confidence, and the continuous inspiration of hope that came to me from the generation that called me to service here. The names of the leaders of the church in those trying days are engraven in grateful and everlasting memory:

"Again ye come, ye hovering Forms! I find ye,
As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?
Ye crowd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,
And sway me from your misty, shadowy zone!
My bosom thrills, with youthful passion shaken,
From magic airs that sound your march awaken."

"Of joyous days ye bring the blissful vision,
The dear, familiar phantoms rise again,
And like an old and half-extinct tradition,
First Love returns, with Friendship in his train."

I have always gone my way in reliance upon the American humorist's beatitude, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." I confess to a good deal of uneasiness as to how I was to fare with the next generation of my people. I knew my noble, my incomparable friends who called me could not live forever. They were in duty bound to stand by me. Would their sons and daughters and those coming in from the outside recognize the obligation? It seemed to me extremely doubtful. Imagine my surprise, therefore, and my delight, when I found the general average of

ability in the second generation higher than the first; the devotion to the church equal in self-sacrifice and intensity, and the kindness to me augmented by the consciousness that I had been the minister and friend of their fathers. I have not yet recovered from this noble surprise, nor shall I ever cease to be grateful for it. Instead of the fathers we have the children; and the children in devotion to the kingdom of God, and to this church as a servant of that kingdom are worthy of the fathers; and their friendship for me is an apostolic succession for which I continue to give thanks.

Many have come to us from other religious communities. They have brought with them inexpressible additions to our power, our richness of life, our friendship, our fellowship and happiness. The church has adopted them without let or hindrance, counted them among the faithful, and in no case has that confidence been dishonored; in many instances it has been rewarded with service as signal, and love as great, as any church could well receive. They have brought with them honor for those older in service here than themselves, and for the descendants of older servants still; they have aided us in the strongest wish of our hearts that we might hold the Old South Church to the great ideal of democracy. This church has been, more than any other, identified in past times with the life of the city of

Boston; and we, in our generation, desire to hold the church as the church of the people.

I am now face to face with another serious question. Am I to gain the love of the children's children? To them I have come down from a former generation; to them I must seem one of the surviving charter members of the Old South Church. Indeed, we all recall how men far on in the fifties seemed to us when we were where our children are. Did they not appear as part of the original framework of the world? Did we not ponder the question with some anxiety, How can they find their way in this new world, so touched with romance, entrancing light, and hope in which we dwell? I do not wonder at this question when it concerns myself. I am sure of this, that I can gain access to these prophetic minds, aid you in moulding their character, introduce them to the kingdom of the soul only through your devout sympathy. Your fathers moulded your minds in respect and confidence toward me; your homes, while centers of freedom, were full not of criticism but of gracious commendation of my ideals and endeavors; you were bred in reverence for this church and in friendship for its minister; and thus through the precious sympathy of your parents I was able to gain access to your thoughts and a place in your enduring esteem.

Here is one form of the great, continuous de-

pendence of the preacher. He and his people together make what is called his ministry; that total ministry is the product of the preacher's action on his people, and of the reaction of the people upon the preacher. This reaction of my people upon me I regard as one of the chief educational forces of my life. In the light of this experience I contend that the preacher depends upon the gracious Christian homes of his congregation, upon the high dispositions of fathers and mothers, upon the atmosphere which they create and which their children breathe concerning the church and the ideals and endeavors of the minister. With this sacred service rendered by you, as your parents rendered it to you, I do not yet see why the children's children should not be among my best friends.

Tell them, therefore, that my sympathies are with the childhood and youth of the world; that I care most to say those things which shall enrich and illumine their existence, open before it vistas of noble power and joy, lend to it steadiness and self-control in the day of battle, set it more securely in the possession of essential good, interfuse with the passion for time the transfiguring sense of the majesty of the Unseen, attach it in all tender and enduring strength to its best friends, show it the glory and the delight of Christian discipleship, and ground it in the consciousness of the dear, abiding love of the God and Father of men.

The benignity and the hostility of the immediate environment recall the same forces at work in the world-environment, especially during the last fifty years. We have been living in a free world; in this atmosphere of freedom men have spoken their honest thought about the universe and about all phases of human existence. Never before on so wide a scale have reality and frankness characterized the intellectual life of civilized man. All established beliefs have been called in question. We have had atheism, agnosticism, naturalism, pessimism, the terrestrial life of man as his only life advocated with great ability and complete sincerity. Haeckel, Huxley, Darwin, and hundreds of others less eminent, but equally confident, have written in revolt from the ancient belief in the spirituality of man and his universe. On the other hand, German idealism has risen up in prevailing protest against the degradation of the human spirit. The British disciples of Hegel, especially Green, Wallace, and Caird, have contended for man and man's world in a great and conclusive way. The scientific spirit has gone everywhere; it has sought facts, sifted them, weighed them, considered what deductions they could honestly be made to bear. History has been largely rewritten; the scientific history of the religions of the world is a new thing under the sun. The Bible and the scientific historian have met, and again vast changes have followed.

Scientists have become philosophers and divided into opposing camps, one set including man in the order of animal existence and finding in his universe a soulless mechanism of matter and force; another set finding eternal spirit everywhere, working in the cosmos and living and breathing in the human soul. Here is our Gog and Magog, our intellectual battlefield with two armies face to face, and in tremendous conflict. We note that truth is on both sides the final attachment, the last and best inspiration. We confess on both sides intellectual power, sincerity, character; and we ask how should one think of one's contemporaries in this world-environment?

For myself I give thanks. One great deliverance is at hand; the sham-thinker, the sham-believer is going; the reality of existence is asserting itself, the supreme worth of reality is gaining vaster sway. Truth is the quest of all honest men; and even when honest men are mistaken in the main errand, the sacred toil through which they pass to their error gives them character out of the Eternal Spirit. The Civil War is a symbol of the nineteenth century. The South fought the North on a mistake; it fought with complete honesty and with unsurpassed valor and sacrifice; it was defeated; the cause was a lost cause; but the tremendous toil, the sacred sacrifice through which it passed conferred upon our brothers in defeat a character

that has become part of the strength and treasure of the nation. Here in symbol is the intellectual war of this age. The atheists, agnostics, naturalists, pessimists of our time are generally honest and able men. They love the truth as devoutly as we do. They fight for it as gallantly and they suffer for it as gladly as do their opponents. They are mistaken; they are hurled back in defeat, upon every fresh assault, by the mass and weight of the religious soul of the world. Yet their fight is not vain; they compel men to think, to renew their love of truth, to discern between convention and reality, to distinguish essential from unessential, to clear the divine habit of the soul from the foolish and often wicked customs that have grown round it, to admit new light, to undertake revision of sacred books and philosophies of faith, to retreat upon the Eternal God and to come forth mailed in his strength for the day of battle. These negative thinkers have done this service and much more; at the same time they have won a character that has become a new glory in our human world. They are in defeat; they are bound to be in defeat; yet in their souls they have won the best things in this earth, clean hands and a pure heart; and they have compelled us to win our fight and to broaden our victory so that it shall include them.

The successive generations of honest and noble men are like different pieces of rare tapestry.

The background looks dull, but we know it is essential, and we make it together out of the gray, monotonous fidelities of our fellowship. The figures are brilliant and fine, and again they are woven of the threads dyed in the rich colors of the common heart. This creation of beauty and worth is by our contemporaries; the contrasts, too, have their place here, the differences and oppositions; set in with the harmonies and controlled by the spirit of ideal unity, that unity which builds into its fair design all reality and all sincerity, they are seen to be essential to the completeness of the work. This complete work of grace and worth is the work of our contemporaries; hence our supreme regard for them. They and we are sister threads in the same pattern; they and we are woven together in the same design; they and we are together background, figure, fire, and joy; they and we are together harmony, contrast, peace, conflict, light, shadow, splendor, and gloom; our existence for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part, is bound into one. And this it is that makes the contemporary world so great and so precious to the large-minded and generous individual human being.

When we think of the end, as we are more and more bound to do, we must often wonder over the strange world into which we shall emerge from death. Going as we do from our friends

here, passing from a world that the better we have served it the more we have loved it, into a region unknown, shall we find awaiting us men and women who shall take away the strangeness and the loneliness of that mysterious realm? We hope to make the solitary and wild journey in the happy consciousness, "I will fear no evil for thou art with me," and in the realization of the great promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"; and yet do we not long for household voices and vanished smiles to greet us there? I think that in heaven we shall not feel quite at home till we stand encircled by our contemporaries who have preceded us to the world of light, whose comradeship on earth again renewed shall add new zest to the regions of bliss, whose friendly offices will be greatly appreciated by the bewildered stranger, whose gracious influence will be to us when we awaken from the stupor of death like a mother's reassuring voice when as children we awoke from some wild dream in fear and pain. As the world into which we awoke in panic was our mother's work and therefore one of peace, so the world upon which we open our vision beyond death will be that of friends, fellow-servants, contemporaries, and therefore one with the notes of welcome, good cheer, high memory, and divine regard forever ringing in it; and our God will greet us there as here, through our kind, through our kindred, through the eyes and the voices of

dear familiar souls, through the sacred order and
light of those with whom we stood,
toiled, suffered, and rejoiced
in the kingdom of love
in time.

PRAYER

THIS PRAYER FOLLOWED THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON ON SUNDAY MORNING, 4 APRIL, 1909

INFINITE FATHER, Lord God of our fathers and of our brothers who have served with us here, we look backward with regret and with gratitude: with regret that we have served thee so ill—with gratitude that thy grace has abounded and still wrought through us for light and for joy. We look backward to a great, silent, inalienable, and immortal possession. Put it this day forever within our hearts. O that silent and beautiful kingdom in which we see fair and lovely lives moving without sound, with the light upon them that comes from thy approving face and thy joy in them! May that kingdom never depart from us.

Bless thy people here, and through the tender and noble sympathy of this hour make us more generous and lofty-minded men and women, and whatever be thy appointment for us in the days to come, give us strength to lean upon thy wisdom and walk in the way of thy commandment, and to surrender our powers to thee so that through their use thy love and thy pity may come and abide with men.

And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all, now and evermore, Amen.

HYMN

THIS HYMN, "YEARS AND ASPIRATIONS," WAS WRITTEN BY DR. GORDON FOR THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, AND WAS SUNG TO THE TUNE "ST. BEES" BY THE CHOIR AND THE CONGREGATION AT THE MORNING SERVICE, SUNDAY, 4 APRIL, 1909, AND ALSO AT THE PUBLIC MEETING, MONDAY EVENING, 12 APRIL, 1909

YEARS AND ASPIRATIONS

LEAD me, Lord, through all my days,
In Thy great and wondrous ways,
Lift my heart to grander hours,
Hold me with Thy heavenly powers.

Of the Past may I still keep
Things divine both high and deep,
Morning light and evening glow
That have ever blessed me so.

Memories that ever shine;
Friends unseen but friends still mine;
Service sweet in high reward;
Spirits blest in dear regard.

Tender sympathies and tears,
Precious store of noble years;
Visions wide on pathways wild,
Chastened thought again a child!

Trust in Thee that surer grows;
Human love that fears no foes;
Faith that to Thy heart belong
Worlds now lost in woe and wrong.

Show me, Lord, Thy word of grace—
Christ, Thy glory in his face;
That I through my fleeting hour,
Serve Thy kingdom in Thy power.

Monday Evening Meeting

The Twelfth of April, Nineteen Hundred and Nine

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

STRONG tower of truth against the sky,
How strong the soul must stand,
When, in God's name, it speaks the Word
By His divine command!

O House of Prayer beneath the stars,
How hushed the heart must be,
When, with the Son of Man, it prays
For our Humanity!

Great Church that from the fathers came,
Stand ever in man's sight,
A sign, a witness, and a prayer
For Freedom and the Right!

Straight from the stars thy truth be given —
Broad as the earth thy plan!
The House our fathers raised to God
He consecrates to man.

[*This hymn, "The Old South Church," was written by Dr. Allen E. Cross for the anniversary celebration, inscribed to the Reverend George A. Gordon, D.D., and was sung to the tune "St. Anne" by the Choir and Congregation at the Public Meeting, Monday, 12 April, 1909.*]

MR. HARDY'S WELCOME

AT a meeting, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of Dr. George A. Gordon as minister of the Old South Church (the Third Church in Boston), held the twelfth of April, nineteen hundred and nine, at eight o'clock p. m., Alpheus H. Hardy, Esq., presided.

Prior to the Invocation, by the Reverend A. P. Fitch, Mr. Hardy cordially welcomed, on behalf of the Old South Church and Society, all friends who by their presence showed their regard for Dr. Gordon and their appreciation of the work which he had done.

MR. HARDY'S REMARKS

THE church which welcomes you here to-night is not in its personnel that which settled Dr. Gordon twenty-five years ago. About eighty-three per cent. of the present membership have come into the church since Dr. Gordon was settled; but about ten per cent. of the then male membership is with us now. Of the nine gentlemen who formed the committee which called him, but one is living. Therefore, in view of the Easter days which are just passed, we believe in the Church above as in the Church below, and we can but feel that if the spirits of the just made perfect can take cognizance of the things which occur here on earth that we, to-night, may be encompassed by an innumerable cloud of witnesses, of those who have loved, and worshiped with, and served the Old South Church during the past two hundred and forty years.

THEOLOGICAL CHANGES OF A QUARTER CENTURY

IN introducing the Reverend Professor Williston Walker, D.D., Mr. Hardy said: The historian of the Old South Church, the late Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, imprinted this simple foreword upon the first official page of its history:

> *"For well she keeps the ancient stock*
> *The stubborn strength of Plymouth Rock;*
> *And still maintains with milder laws*
> *And clearer light the good old cause."*

You know this church was founded in a question of faith, a dispute about the matter of faith and practice. It has always stood for the right to apprehend truth under the ultimate truth, under new revelations. It is a great satisfaction to us of the younger generation that we live at a time when there are "milder laws and clearer light." Many of the changes which are implied in this foreword have taken place within twenty-five years and of them Prof. Williston Walker, of the Divinity school of Yale University, will now speak.

PROFESSOR WALKER'S ADDRESS

THE task to which your Committee has done me the honor to invite me on this occasion when we commemorate a quarter century of a pastorate eminently distinguished in New England, is that of setting forth the theological changes which have occurred in this period of time in the region, and among the churches, in which this pastorate has been fulfilled. The quarter of a century, though but a brief span of time when measured in a nation's development, is long enough, if the conditions be favorable, to witness great changes of thought and modifications of current belief. What a quarter of a century that was, for instance, which followed the posting of Luther's theses on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg in 1517. How profoundly was thought modified in the natural sciences in the quarter century that followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859. Such a period in religious thought has been the last twenty-five years among us. Not but that the roots and antecedents of the changes which it has witnessed run back far behind its beginnings. But this period has witnessed the

coming into the general apprehension of our Christian public of changes in religious thought more radical and more far sweeping in their effects than had been witnessed in any similar period since the Reformation.

It is always difficult for those who are a part, themselves, of a great transition, to appreciate correctly its significance, or to estimate at their right value its probable ultimate results, as we can do those of epochs which have become historic. We run much risk of mistaking the temporary for the permanent, and the relatively non-essential for the important. We are confused in our judgments because in any great period of transition in human thought the modification of opinion is very unequal in its distribution. Not merely the conservative and the radical labor side by side, but all shades of belief between these two extremes are represented, so that any affirmation as to the changes which have taken place has to be, at best, of an approximate character, and is liable to the criticism that it does not represent the position which has been attained by the more eager, or that which the less movable would still conserve. The utmost that one can hope to do in such an estimate is to point out certain general tendencies and to measure, as best one can, the progress which they have made.

Twenty-five years ago the fabric of belief in

our Congregational churches of New England, and it is with them that we have especially to do, was still that of the great thinkers of the eighteenth century, though much attenuated from their pristine intensity. They were a race of intellectual giants, of whom New England may well be proud, that led the thinking of our churches from Jonathan Edwards to Professor Park. Nor have we less reason to be proud of the intellectual gifts and moral earnestness of that other and protesting line sprung from the same New England soil, in which Channing was the protagonist. The types of thought which they represented still shaped New England thinking twenty-five years ago, and, in the churches of our Congregational order, the "New England theology," as it was called, which had been wrought out by the older and larger line, of which mention has been made, still controlled the average opinions of our pulpits. It was, indeed, suffering a process of attrition and disintegration. The most adequate statement of the theological position of our churches twenty-five years ago is that contained in the "Commission Creed" issued at the close of 1883, less than four months before this pastorate began. It represented the best thought of our Congregational churches at the time, and was approved by twenty-two out of a committee of twenty-five appointed by the National Council, and intended

to be as broadly representative as possible. Those of the commission who dissented from this creed dissented not by reason of the conservatism of its statements, but because it seemed to them too advanced. That creed is indeed a very different statement of faith from what the beginning of the nineteenth century would have produced among us. It may well be doubted whether a Leonard Woods or a Nathaniel W. Taylor would have been at all satisfied with its indefinitenesses, and especially with the absence from it of any of those sharp Calvinistic conceptions characteristic of the historical theology of New England. In many respects it is true that the Commission Creed is still an admirable statement of what is held among us, but its general atmosphere is that of an age which has passed away, at least in this region, and one feels in reading it, not so much through its particular statements as through the general impression of the creed as a whole, that one is breathing the air of an earlier theological age.

The causes of the changes which the last twenty-five years have witnessed in our theological thought have been general, not local. They have not had their beginnings among us, and we have been drawn into a movement already far advanced in other lands, rather than have been, in any considerable degree, initiators in its progress. To a very considerable extent, New

England paid the cost of the great theological development of the earlier epoch by what may be called, not untruly, a provincialism of mind, which made it only slowly susceptible to modifications that twenty-five years ago were already far advanced in Germany and Great Britain. But at the beginning of this pastorate the changes were at hand, and the influences of conceptions already far developed in other lands were about to come in upon us as with a flood.

Fortunately the question which first brought to general public consciousness among us the fact that important changes were taking place in our theological thinking was relatively one of unimportant significance. What ancient history the Andover Controversy now seems, and how relatively trivial, as compared with the changes that have since taken place, appear the issues involved. Yet how strenuous was the dispute from the initiation of the trial of Professor Egbert C. Smyth, in 1886, to the dismissal of the case against him by the Visitors of the Seminary in 1892. How sharp was the controversy which turned meeting after meeting of the American Board into theological battle-grounds, till terminated by the practical victory of those who sought a more liberal basis of missionary appointment, at the meeting of the Board, in Worcester, in 1893. Viewed from the standpoint of the present, the question in dispute, as it formulated itself in the popular

mind, seems a relatively remote and trivial speculation. A corollary itself of a theory of relationship of the development of character to the historic Christ, it asserted cautiously, and rather tentatively for the most part, the necessity of some knowledge of His saving personality hereafter if not here, before a man's ultimate destiny is fixed. As popularly interpreted, it implied probation after death for those who had not in this life an adequate knowledge of Christ. Yet how great was the sound of the battle in our churches, and how perilously near we were to separation into two warring denominations, each with their separate organs for missionary activity, and each dividing yet further the strength of our already far too much divided American Christianity. From this unhappy fate we were saved by the Christian brotherliness of the contestants on either side of the battle, and by the large degree of charity and mutual tolerance which, in spite of occasional signs of a contrary spirit, marked its progress. So notably was this the case, that I think that these episodes may be accounted among the most honorable in the history of our New England churches. They who then struggled were men now very generally passed from us to that larger knowledge and closer fellowship of the heavenly kingdom. They are to be held in reverence by us, who fought on either side in this controversy, for, feeling keenly the

issues involved, they yet placed Christian unity above success by division, and retained confidence in the Christian character of their opposing brethren.

I have said that the issue brought directly before the public in the controversy regarding teaching in Andover Seminary, and missionary appointments by the American Board, was, in itself, a discussion of a relatively unimportant point of speculation. But the conservatives in that struggle, though not conscious of the further issues involved, which then lay behind the veil of the future, were right in their feeling that these innovations must be opposed if the older fabric of New England thinking was to stand. The tolerance achieved for the more radical wing in the controversy was the opening of the door for the incoming of much more important, significant, and wide-reaching theological changes which have since gone rapidly forward among our churches, practically without opposition. We purchased our present freedom at small cost compared with that which some of the Christian churches of our land are having to pay.

One such momentous change that has come into the apprehension of our churches in this recent period is the practical obliteration of that line once so sharply drawn between the natural and the supernatural. God is recognized as in, and of, His world, immanent in all its on-goings

and development; not simply as one sovereignly efficient over it, as the creator over the creation He has made. Urged by Dr. Bushnell among us in a modified form, more than fifty years ago, the full consequences of this removal of a line of demarcation between two supposedly mutually exclusive realms, have only recently been perceived in our churches generally.

This great transformation, fostered as it has been by the growth of an idealistic philosophy, has undoubtedly its perils. If the old divine transcendence was in danger of passing into Deism, Pantheism sometimes lurks near the divine immanence. But no great point of view can be free from the possibility of perversion, and be the peril of Pantheism real or no, a wholly new view of the relation of God to His world has silently won its way among us. It may well be questioned whether the most fundamental alteration that has come over our thinking is not its change in the conception of God. In place of a being exalted high above a world separate from Him, whose every act He yet arbitrarily controls, revealed in miracle and theophany to ages long past; we have One in and of His world, in a true sense its life, manifesting Himself in uniform law in what we call the realm of nature, revealing His moral purpose through man, who is the best expression of His character, and above all in the highest and holiest of men, Our Lord Jesus

Christ. What man is at his noblest and truest, that must God be, and through what is best in man is God most truly to be perceived. A Jonathan Edwards scarcely raised the question whether the acts of the divine being whose ways with men he sought to explain were to be brought to the test of moral judgment. They were the ways of God as he read them in his interpretation of the Scriptures. Even a quarter of a century ago the question was asked but little among us. But to-day no conception of God's character which does not justify itself by the test of what is highest in man can be worthy of Him who has made us in His image, and has best revealed Himself through His human workmanship.

But the tendencies to a new interpretation of the nature of God, which have been mentioned, the present emphasis on His immanent self-expression through humanity and the obliteration of the line between the natural and the supernatural, have profoundly modified traditional conceptions of the person of Christ. The controversies which raged in New England a century ago, the results of which colored our thinking till within the last quarter of a century, are now seen to have been on both sides due to inadequate perceptions of the character of the person with which they had to do. Sharply dividing the creator from the range of created beings, Unitarianism insisted on Christ's classifi-

cation on the created side of that separating gulf. He was a man, or more than a man, the highest even of angelic beings, but He was not and could not be divine. The barrier that separated the Godhead from the lower ranges of existence was, to its thinking, forever impassable. Orthodox New England conviction, on the other hand, while insisting on a true humanity in Christ's mysterious person, so emphasized the divine nature in Him as practically to make that the more important, and to place Him on the Godward side of the divided universe in all the more essential characteristics of His being. His divinity was practically exalted at the expense of His humanity, however fully His oneness with men was theoretically asserted. But, in the altered view which the last quarter of a century has wrought among us, the ancient division of the universe has vanished, and with it much of the old demarcation between Unitarian and Orthodox. Christ is seen to be not perfect God mysteriously joined with perfect man, but the perfect revelation of God in all those divine attributes which are capable of expression in a human life, because the highest manifestation of a humanity through which God has been forever revealing Himself. In seeing Him we perceive both what God is and man may be. His office is no less unique, His character no less exalted, the reverence which we pay Him no less profound, be-

cause we have in Him humanity's crowning manifestation, which is, just because it is such, our most majestic revelation of the character of God. A God who is not in moral nature what Jesus is, is to us unthinkable; a manhood which does not see in Jesus the ideal to which it aspires is a manhood that has never perceived the pattern for which it was created.

No less significant is the transformation that has come over our conception of the nature and place of man. The older Calvinistic view of man as wholly depraved and alienated from God by nature, powerful in our churches a century ago, had indeed become much attenuated by the beginning of the pastorate which we now honor. None among us would then have asserted, as Jonathan Edwards did, that "wicked men are useful in their destruction only," or as was declared in the early days of our great Missionary Board to be a chief incentive to the propagation of the Gospel, that the heathen were dropping hopelessly into hell. A larger hope was even then prevalent. But current Congregational belief held that this life fixed the issues of character forever, and, in spite of Bushnell's assertion of Christian Nurture as the normal method of entrance on the Kingdom of God, widely looked upon a radical "change of heart" as the essential transition from a status of "children of wrath" to that of "sons of God." We owe

something of our altered view to Channing's assertion of the dignity of human nature, and more to the teaching of such leaders as Robertson and Maurice that all men are sons of the Father, needing the realization of their sonship that they may take the filial part. But, most of all, we owe to our changed conception of God Himself, "who hateth nothing that He hath made," who must reach forth with fatherly pity to all His children, not to a chosen people or an elect few, but to all to whom He has given life and made in His image. Wofully defaced that image often is. Rebellious and astray those sons often are. Needing the divine forgiveness, the cleansing only God can give, the utmost grace He can bestow, they yet are sons, whom the Father seeks to draw to the Father's house. If any stay forever outside the Father's home, the cause must be in their resistance to His call, not in any failure on His part to seek, or any decree of omnipotence that they shall be passed by, or any limitation of His efforts for their redemption to the span of a few years of earthly existence. We do not regard men as needing the grace of God less than those who went before us did; but we trust that we comprehend the divine attitude toward and estimate of men better than they. A humanity that is always the object of God's fatherly solicitude, that in its noblest expressions is a revelation of the character of God Himself, and in its wid-

est estrangements is not beyond His outreaching love, is of infinite dignity and worth, if not for what it often is, at least for what by His grace it may become.

No less striking has been the change which has taken place in our New England Congregational churches during the period under consideration regarding the Bible. Here, too, the transformation has been nothing peculiar to this region. It is but a part of a general world-movement in scholarship. Twenty-five years ago the old plenary theory of exact verbal inspiration was, indeed, largely gone, though the speaker remembers being taught in the theological seminary, at a time well subsequent to the beginning of the pastorate to-day commemorated, the literal accuracy of the ages of antediluvian patriarchs as given in the early chapters of Genesis. But the general attitude toward the Bible was then vastly unlike that at present. The results of the patient investigation which we call the higher criticism, first of the Old and later of the New Testament have won their way till they have become part of the mental furnishing not merely of our ministry but of a large portion of our laymen. We see in the Bible the record of the highest religious experience of the race; written at most various times, and under widely differing conditions of culture, by men of anything but uniform clearness of spiritual discernment, — a literature of

religion, not a simple book. We hold it priceless because it gives to us the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the impression which He made on the early disciples. That wonderful picture comes to us not by the medium of historians miraculously kept from error, but as every other great historical portrait is given to us, by the pens of men who strove to hand down what they deemed of value to themselves or of service to their times. Errors in detail, individuality of emphasis we readily admit; but nowhere else can we go for the knowledge of the noblest life humanity has witnessed, and the certainly assured story is amply sufficient for acquaintance with that life in its essential character. Nor do we now deem it a disadvantage that prophets and apostles seem to us far less mysterious vehicles of a peculiar inspiration than they did to our predecessors, and appear much more those who have drunk deeply of the great spiritual springs which are in some measure available for all. The Bible speaks to experience and life as never before; but the change in attitude towards it which a quarter of a century has wrought is as great as it is widely extended and apparently permanent.

Quite as significant as the altered conception of the Bible has been the change which this epoch has wrought in the view of the nature of that salvation which is the purpose of the Gospel.

We no longer regard it as a rescue of a select body here and there gathered from a fallen humanity. The development of individual character, of personal allegiance and loyalty to Christ, must always be a main purpose of the church, but it is no longer, as it was, its exclusive purpose. Nor can we view this world as merely a place of trial and struggle, the miseries of which are to be compensated by the joys of a hereafter blessedness. The world itself is an object of redemption. The prayer of the Christian is not that he may escape from it as speedily as God wills ; but that God's kingdom come and His will be done "on earth as it is in heaven." It is no unjust disparagement of the noble philanthropic and reformatory efforts in operation twenty-five years ago to recognize that the duty of the church to labor for a redeemed social order in this present world is now appreciated as was not then the case. The salvation of the Gospel must be great enough not merely to fit some men for heaven; it must make this world, what it is not now, a reign of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. The duty of the church to labor to right ancient wrongs, to foster principles of justice in the relations of man with man and class with class, to further endeavors for social betterment, is now recognized as it has never been before.

This recognition of the enlarged obligation of the church toward men as a whole in the social

organizations of the present, involving as it does no small change in the conception of what is salvation, has, for the time at least, put upon the church a burden which its older ideals in this respect have little fitted it to bear. No wonder that the institutions of religion which have grown up among us under the thought of salvation as well-nigh exclusively the rescue of individuals from a mass of fallen humanity, and their training for a heavenly citizenship hereafter, are adapted only with strain and difficulty to the work of social regeneration on any considerable scale in the world of the present. The churches feel the call in ever-increasing measure, but they do not know where to begin or to what work they can effectively lay their hands. Many of our contemporaries, conscious, even though blindly, that the church should be a leader in social readjustment, criticise and condemn it as recreant to its duty, as designed for the service of the few rather than of the many, and as to be superseded by more modern agencies of human betterment. Such criticism is largely unjust if it implies lack of good-will in the church. The spirit of wide-reaching service to humanity, in the betterment of the world in which we live, was never more felt. The desire to do this Christlike work was never more active or dominant in the church. We may trust that an ever-increasing clearness of vision as to the needs of the world may lead

to a rapidly developing efficiency in service, so that the maladjustments and inefficiencies of the present may speedily be overcome, as the church enters on its larger work. For the church alone has those gifts of the Spirit to bestow without which mere material betterment is but imperfect gain, and which are of all good things the best that may be offered to men. We want not merely a more comfortable and a juster social order; we need to have it suffused with the spirit of Christ, and this must be forever primarily the work of the church.

The observer of changes in theology during the period of this pastorate must have been impressed with another fact, that these modifications of theologic interpretation have worked powerfully to foster the spirit of comradeship between the various flocks of our divided Christian heritage. Ecclesiastical barriers which were still strong twenty-five years ago have marvelously weakened. The lines of separation, once deemed so vital, are crumbling before the new sense of Christian brotherhood. We see the relatively non-essential nature of much that seemed of supreme importance to those who went before us. Any large degree of unity or even of federation between the far too multitudinous ecclesiastical organizations of New England is yet in the future; but he who has appreciated the changes in spirit one towards another be-

tween Christians of different denominational names, which the time of this pastorate has witnessed, can but feel confident that a mutual coöperation far exceeding what was once deemed possible is soon to be ours.

Such a period as we have reviewed is evidently one of transition; and, because so, one of trial and perplexity for many. The process of theological readjustment is always a painful one. For many, it is one of much more than pain. To many during the last twenty-five years, to many now, it seems as if the foundations were being removed. Their faith and hope have been sorely tried, even though they trust that "the removing of those things that are shaken" may be divinely intended "that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." It is impossible not to sympathize profoundly with those who are passing through this experience. There has been not a little of what may be called theological chaos in the last twenty-five years. Moreover, we have come to no completion of the process of sifting and readjustment as yet. We are still in the midst of its onward flow, even if the main characteristics of the newer theological structure among us may now be regarded as approaching fixity.

That the perplexing period under review has been so well passed, on the whole, is due to the bold and courageous work of those who, feeling

the old was slipping away, have dared to formulate our faith in altered form and in constructive expression suited to our age. They have known how to restate the verities which are abiding and eternal in terms to which men can now assent, and in presentations adapted to our modern thought. When one surveys their work, the impression is how relatively unimportant after all have been the changes which have seemed to us so great. The mighty essentials of Christian discipleship, loyalty to Christ, filial love toward God, brotherly helpfulness towards one's fellowmen, the achievement of Christian character, the blessedness of Christian service, stand forth in a clearness never before surpassed. We are linked in Christian experience, however we may be sundered in doctrinal interpretation, with the Christian discipleship of all the ages.

Conspicuous above all other personalities in the constructive forces of New England in the last quarter of a century has been he whom we honor to-day. Our foremost preacher-theologian, he has laid the foundations deep and builded true, and he has thereby placed us immeasurably in his debt. His philosophic insight, his theologic acumen, his confident faith, have won for him not merely the admiration but the trust of multitudes to whom he has spoken through the written page in far wider circles than even those which he has reached by the living voice. He has witnessed

to the dignity of man as the interpreter of God and nature, to the uniqueness of Christ as the revelation of God in the terms of a human life, to the universality of the divine fatherhood, and to the tremendous realities of sin and redemption, with a power and a persuasiveness that have made him a pillar of strength in an age of theological unrest and restatement such as has not been experienced since the Reformation. He has bade us look on this world with a Christian optimism that it may be made the Kingdom of God, and on the next with a confident trust based on the character of God Himself, and adding a glory and a significance to this earthly life. He has made faith easier, and hope more confident, and God more real to many. You of this church of his immediate pastorate may well endeavor on this memorable anniversary to convey to him some sense of the reverence in which you hold him as a preacher and a pastor ; but the honor due him would be incomplete were we of the larger New England not also to express to him, however imperfectly, our gratitude for his services as a Christian seer and as our chief of living theologians.

May the work so nobly carried forward for the last quarter of a century be granted many a year of increasing usefulness.

THE MAN FOR THE PULPIT OF TO-DAY

MR. HARDY, in introducing Prof. Daniel Evans, D.D., of Andover Theological Seminary, who spoke on "The Man for the Pulpit of To-day," referred to Dr. Gordon's reputation among clergy and laity alike as one whose ministry was conspicuous for its relation to contemporary life.

PROFESSOR EVANS' ADDRESS

THERE is a new appreciation at the present time of the significance and the worth of man everywhere. The philosopher is beginning to realize that the most significant thing of this universe is personality. Great as the flaming star may be, it is not as great as the enkindling mind of man, and marvelous as may be the mechanism of this vast universe, it is not as marvelous as the heart of man. And great as may be the light that flashes from the sky, it is not as great as the light that flashes from the conscience of man. There has been a practical recognition of the worth of man parallel to this philosophical appreciation. We are beginning to discover that man is of great worth indeed; that he is the most important factor in our whole civilization; that back of the machine there must be a mind, and that the whole machinery of civilization exists for the welfare of man. His character and condition at any age become the standard and test of the character of that civilization. We know full well, for example, that at the present time the most important fact in our democracy is not the machinery of government,

but it is the man who is ruling; that the most important fact of our education is not the educational system, nor our great buildings, but it is the living man who is there teaching or there guiding and ruling. It is not strange, therefore, that in religion the same truth should be recognized, and at the present time we are beginning to discover, however great may be the machinery of the church, the church cannot do its work by any machinery, but must do it by the human personality that is behind it and working through it.

At the present time there is much depreciation of the minister as an ecclesiastic official of religion; he does not have the same high place that he once had; his words do not have authority — merely because it is a minister who is speaking the words: but at the same time there has been a deepening recognition by the people of the man in the pulpit. Indeed, it is the man in the pulpit who has always had this great power. It is through man that God has spoken his great truth and has imparted his great love to the world; and you can trace the flaming course of the revelation of God and the upward movement of civilization by seeing the course that the procession and succession of the great prophets of God have taken through the ages from the time that man turned his face towards God, conquered by the vision of the Eternal, to our own

time and generation. Here in New England the churches have been very fortunate in having striking personalities in the pulpits. We conjure up before our imagination, for example, such a mighty thinker and great mystic as Jonathan Edwards, such men as Emmons, Bushnell, Beecher, Channing, Parker, and Brooks. And in this great and noble procession and succession is the pastor of this historic church.

In order to have the pulpit become a power in the community, the church must try to secure a succession of large personalities. I remark that the first quality or element of the man in the pulpit at the present time must be his profound humanity. He must be a man of deep and wide sympathy. He must be profoundly interested in human life. His soul must go out to human beings who are round about him. He must have respect for the people to whom he is preaching; he must enter into their hearts and understand their lives. The great facts about human life must become the dominant conceptions and great ideals of his own soul. Birth, with all its mystery; childhood, without a cloud in its sky; youth, smitten by the beauty of the ideal; strong men and women, upon whose shoulders are the heavy responsibilities and tasks of life; and the old man coming near to the end of his career, with the light of God streaming out from the Eternal world upon him,— all these must become

the great and glorious thoughts and ideals and interests of his own life.

When I think of the demands that are made upon the minister, the life he has to live, I am profoundly impressed by the fact that he also needs sanity. There are so many currents of thought which are constantly changing: the passion to do good starts so many strange movements; the ambition to make one's church popular makes a man have recourse to unholy experiments; the effort to crowd one's church by popular methods often endangers a man's hold upon the eternities; the critical moral situation in which many a man finds himself makes him realize that the one great quality which he must have is sanity.

No true man in the ministry ever goes very long without thinking seriously about the temptations that come to him. There is a strain and sometimes a great moral overstrain. Not common, vulgar temptations of life, but subtler temptations of the spirit come to the man in the ministry. One of the noblest men in the ministry has said that there ought to be a new petition added to the Litany: "From the 'clerical mind,' Good Lord, deliver us!" Now the "clerical mind" is a mind concerned primarily with the uses of its ideas; it does not take into account the reality of its ideas; it is concerned not with the moral worth of impression that it

may make nor the moral means it may use for the making of the impression; it is so concerned about making a point that often it does not care whether it tells the truth! It is so concerned about the things which are traditional that it does not go back to the everlasting realities which were the moving principles in the minds of the men who gave us their imperfect understanding of them. Intellectual Jesuitism, moral sentimentalism, and spiritual unreality are the vices of the clerical mind. It was in view of this fact that Bushnell said a man ought to have a talent of conscience for the ministry and ought to have an astronomical conscience, true and steady in its movement in the great orbit, like the stars in the heavens. It is because there has been a man here with a talent of conscience, with an astronomical conscience that he and you have been delivered from the "clerical mind." He has hated a lie and loved the truth; despised sentimentalism and appreciated sentiment; he has had light for the man who is perplexed, enlightenment for the man who is perverted; and so he has been, as your Chairman says, the man who has spoken to the conscience.

Another element which the man of the pulpit for to-day needs — strange that I should say it — is to be profoundly religious. Time was when a man could be a minister, whether he was religious or not; his official position made him the

minister. It gave him a strange relationship with God ; he had a private privilege with the Eternal ; but intelligent men, whose consciences are developed and whose souls are sensitive, know perfectly well that as democracy has robbed the king of his divine right, so democracy has robbed the priest of his mitre. And every soul, however humble and obscure its place, has as much divine right with God as the man who holds the highest ecclesiastical position in the world.

The man who enters the ministry at the present time must have intellectual greatness and courage. We are living in a new-thought world ; it is infinite in extent, eternal in duration, universal in its law ; abiding ; it is moving out from God, sustained by God and constantly coming nearer to the goal that he has set for it. A parochial mind in a modern pulpit when the intelligent men of the audience are at home in the universe, is in the wrong place. There are two kinds of minds : minds that are like the fowls of the backyard, whose wings are now of no use and whose only environment is the enclosed place where they move back and forth ; which they think is a big world. There is another type of mind ; it is the eagle type, that has as its environment the infinite sky above it and makes its nest upon the craggy peaks, catching the first light of the sun in the morning and receiving the last light at night in its eyes to thrill its heart.

So there are parochial minds that are concerned about small things, and there are the eagle type of minds that soar in the great eternal realm. The mind of the man in this pulpit is the companion of suns and moons and stars: going through the great realms of truth, having a grasp upon the things which are spiritual and eternal, thinking nothing of wiping off from the slate, as the boy does in school, eons of time, solar systems, the whole shining universe, to get back at the original and aboriginal ground of all being, all thought, and all love.

It is not surprising, therefore, that there has been a great influence from this pulpit. The man in it has done a great deal to maintain the dignity and honor of the ministry. It is the first duty of every man in any profession to be true to his own profession; to maintain its obligations, to keep its honor and see that it shall not be degraded. Dr. Gordon has done a great deal to maintain the dignity of the pulpit at a time when people put a decreasing value upon the power of the pulpit, and when rival agencies, outside the church, have become substitutes for a large number of people; when persons in the pulpit itself have given themselves up to doing the "small work" of the church, some of them going into the "millinery" business. It is a great thing to have a pulpit that stands for the function of teaching and of keeping men face to face with

God at a time when the tendency has been to depreciate the value and the power of the church.

It is because the pastor of this church has had deep sympathies and wide, that the people have gathered here in such large numbers to-night, and that it is so easy to detect ministers as we look over the assembly. It is because the young ministers especially have felt that in the pastor of this church they have a big brother to whom they can go for advice and counsel, to whom they can go for inspiration and direction, that we delight to honor him as we do this night. The reason is because he is a lover of humanity; he does not despise nor condemn the great mass of human beings, but looks upon them with compassion. He has not forgotten the quarry out of which he was hewn, nor the hole of the pit whence he was digged. There is a song often on his lips, because it goes singing in his heart always, the song of his countrymen — "A Man 's a Man, for a' That!"

The man in this pulpit has had the Greek virtue of temperance: the mind is central over all the passions and all the powers of the body and of the soul and the will, with its grip upon the rudder, keeping his ship from going on the rocks and ready to breast each successive wave that comes. And the reason why the men who serve the ideal interests of the community have confidence in him is because he has not been

driven by the storm, nor has he drifted with the currents, but has kept his boat directed toward the distant haven before him.

The passion of the man who preaches in this pulpit is for God! The only vision he craves is the vision of God — the vision of the mind that is Infinite for the good of his own intellect; the vision of the Eternal heart for the peace of his own heart; the vision of the power of God for the strength of his own will; the vision of the absolute righteousness of the Eternal for the everlasting conservation of all the dear, human interests that he cherishes: and that is the secret of his growing serenity and his deepening power and peace as he ministers to you year after year. If the time was when men felt they could not live if they saw God, the time has come when men cannot live unless they see God.

THE PURITAN CHURCH AND THE PURITAN COLLEGE

MR. HARDY, in introducing President Eliot of Harvard University, who spoke on "The Puritan Church and the Puritan College," referred to President Eliot's relation to the committee, which, acting for the church, recommended Dr. Gordon as pastor. "President Eliot," he said, "did early mention Dr. Gordon's name to a member of that committee. The committee investigated for themselves. The Old South Church welcomes the presence of President Eliot here, to-night, for his own sake, and because of his long friendship with Dr. Gordon."

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S ADDRESS

THE subject assigned to me to-night is "The Puritan Church and the Puritan College." I want to read as a text the inscription which stands on the gate of Harvard College. It is an extract from a little book entitled, "First Fruits of New England." I read this in order to show what the Puritan College did for the Puritan Church.

"After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, and provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government; one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and to perpetuate it to posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."

Observe the order of these provisions. The order is very sane, to use one of Dr. Evans' words. The first thing they did was to build their houses, the shelter from the fierce New England climate. Next, they provided the necessaries for their livelihood; like prudent men, thoughtful men, they provided for the livelihood of their families.

Then, they reared convenient places for God's worship; they built meeting-houses for the Puritan people to worship in. And, fourthly, they settled the civil government. Conceive what that meant in the year 1630! Remember what was going on in England at that time! Remember what was going on in France under the monarchy! Study the comparative legislation in different nations at that period, and then you will wonder at the achievement of that little group of English colonists. They settled the civil government. And then they took thought for the college—the Puritan College which was to breed a ministry for the churches worthy to succeed the educated ministers who came from England with the colony. Now that is what the Puritan College did for the Puritan churches for centuries. The Puritan College provided the educated ministers for two hundred years: but what prodigious changes went on in those two hundred years! Come down to 1836, and how the sentiments of the community had changed! How the government itself had changed, settled though they thought it to be in 1636! How human knowledge had developed! The Puritan College was a very different thing two centuries after the foundation of this settled government in New England. The Puritan College had taken to itself a great mass of various knowledges altogether new in the world since the Puritan churches had been estab-

lished in New England. The world — the civilized world — had learnt the most important lesson it has ever learnt, namely, toleration in religion.

Let me remind you that it is scarcely more than seventy years since a mob went out from this town of Boston and burnt a Catholic Convent in Charlestown in the middle of the night. Let me remind you that the relations between the Catholic Irish and the Protestant Americans in Boston were so fierce, only about seventy years ago, that a mob engaged in the sacking of Irish tenements in Broad street of a Sunday afternoon, the occasion being the breaking through an Irish funeral by an American fire company. I say that this Puritan community had learnt, when the nineteenth century was half over, the immense lesson of religious toleration. The Puritan College had learnt another thing, — the most important lesson as to the discovery of truth that the human race has thus far learnt, — it had learnt the way to truth. I wonder if many persons in this congregation ever heard the delightful story that President Pritchett used to tell to the young men entering the Institute of Technology at the beginning of the year. He told how he was once going over the Gemmi pass, one of the most beautiful and striking passes in Switzerland; it goes up from Leukerbad, and descends on the other side to a village called Kandersteg. Dr.

Pritchett was mounting this pass on foot, and alone. He got to the head of the pass, where to his surprise the way forked, and he did not know which path to take. To a Swiss boy coming by Dr. Pritchett said, "My boy, where is Kandersteg?" "I do not know, sir," said the boy; "I never was there, but that is the way to it!" That is what the human race has learnt concerning truth; it knows the way to it. It has learnt the patient process of accumulating facts, of drawing just inferences from facts, of making an exact record of facts, of grouping them, and at last arriving at a generalization or a law. That is the great scientific discovery of the modern world. And the Puritan College had learnt that great lesson — the way to truth, and like that Swiss boy, it had to say, "I do not know where the truth is; I never was there." And it could add, "I shall never get there, but I know the way to truth."

It was in this way that the Puritan College was still prepared to serve the Puritan Church. It was prepared to be absolutely tolerant and free; it was prepared to apply to religious and theological truth, to the discovery of it, the same method that it used in the discovery of other kinds of truth, — bit by bit, a step at a time, always advancing toward the truth, never arriving at it, and never expecting to arrive at the whole of it; looking forward with delight to the

perpetual search, the joy of its soul lying in the search.

I one day received a visit from an old Congregational minister, who wished to ask me how the intellectual development of a young man in his employ could be furthered, could be carried on beyond the stage which he had already reached; and the old man described to me the history of this youth, — what he had learnt, and what he had not learnt, and asked me how that youth could be furthered toward the ministry to which he aspired. I gave such advice as I could, but lost sight of the old minister, and had never seen the youth. A few years afterward I received another call from the same old minister, who told me that George Gordon had been through the Bangor Theological Seminary, and that in that seminary it was not necessary to know any Greek, and indeed that the course of instruction, though sincere and pious, was from the scholarly point of view inadequate for an ambitious minister, ambitious to *know*, ambitious to be able to teach. Had the Puritan College anything it could offer to a young man whose career was such as he described? And a little later the young man himself came to see me, and we discussed together what the Puritan College had to offer to this aspirant to the service of the Puritan Church.

Now, in two hundred and fifty years the Puritan College had become wider and more liberal

in its policies, and had greatly increased the range of its instruction, and had opened this great range more freely to ambitious youth. And so the Puritan College was able to accept this young man as a special student, although not as a regular student, because he could not have passed the examinations for admission to the Puritan College as a regular student, in spite of the fact that he had been through the Bangor Theological Seminary.

A couple of years passed, and I was astounded one day in the meeting of the College Faculty to have Professor Goodwin, Professor of Greek, indeed the Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, make a motion in the Faculty, the like of which I had never heard. Professor Goodwin had great distrust of special students; he did not like them, and he thought there should be no such students in Harvard College; yet his motion was this: "I move that George Gordon be admitted to the Senior Class without examination. It is an outrage that such a student should be registered in Harvard College as a special student. He has received 100 per cent. in my most difficult course in Greek, — the course in Aristotle." The motion took the Faculty by surprise, but they unanimously adopted the motion of Professor Goodwin, and thereupon the Puritan College rendered a new and very lasting service to the Puritan Church.

It was not long after that, on the most beautiful

evening that I remember ever to have seen, that Mr. Alpheus Hardy and I were watching from the deck of a steamer the entire western sky suffused with most brilliant reds and yellows. We were silent in the face of this gorgeous spectacle. But at last it faded away, and then Mr. Hardy told me that the Old South Church should shortly elect a new minister: did I know anybody that was suitable for that church? I said I did, a young man named George Gordon, and that he was then preaching in Greenwich, Connecticut. I advised that a committee of the Old South Church visit Greenwich and hear Mr. Gordon preach. That was the simple suggestion which I offered to Mr. Hardy. However, the Puritan College then rendered another service of a very lasting quality to the Puritan Church.

Years went by before the Old South Church could induce Mr. Gordon to accept its call, and during that period of doubt and hesitation I had repeated interviews with Mr. Hardy and with Mr. Gordon, and I trust that in those interviews I furthered the interests of the Puritan Church.

Now what did the Puritan College do for this young Scotchman, son of a farmer, ambitious, open-minded, keen in the pursuit of knowledge, full of natural piety? If we can answer that question we shall learn again what the Puritan College has been able to do for the Puritan Church.

In the first place, it gave this young man an acquaintance with what great men have thought, and done, and hoped for, and aspired to through long ages. It is a great thing for a church that its minister knows as a scholar the "stream of the world," as Goethe called it. It is a great thing for a church that its minister has learnt by study, by intercourse with great minds, by filling his own mind with the story of great epochs, how infinitely precious a thing is freedom of thought, what noble elements in human character are candor, sincerity, and the eager, earnest love of truth. Those things the Puritan College was able to set before the young Gordon.

And then the Puritan College, true to the spirit of its founders, was able to develop a natural feeling of this youth, his sympathy with democracy. I suppose this congregation is aware that Dr. Gordon knows by heart the poet Burns. Therein — in that poetry is expressed the perfect spirit of democracy. And that quality in your minister has been of infinite worth to this church, and to the community in which this church is set. That is a great quality of the Puritan College, never truer than to-day to this love of humanity, this belief in humanity, this hope for humanity. Indeed, the Puritan College has greatly served the Puritan Church through this man.

And now let us think for a moment of the

reward which your pastor has earned and now enjoys, the reward for all his labors and trials, and for all his varied efforts to serve this people and this city. He has the greatest reward any teacher can have. A teacher he has been. What is that reward? The making of disciples. They may be few, they may be many; the influential disciples may be few, but few are enough to constitute a great reward. Disciples — men who carry forward the work of the teacher, and better it as time goes on; the more it is bettered, the greater the reward. This body of disciples, formed here, is by no means confined to the ministry of the Congregational churches, or of all the churches put together. Dr. Gordon has disciples among business men, professional men, and I am inclined to believe that these disciples can do more to advance and perpetuate his work than the ministers can, much as they can do. The best teaching of this age is done through the practice of the men who conduct great industries humanely; through the practice of the men who organize honest and efficient governments, national, state, municipal. It is done, in short, by the men who are at work out in the world to better human conditions, to bring society forward towards democratic ideals, to advance the human race towards greater happiness and a better life. Many such disciples Dr. Gordon has made, possesses, and enjoys; and through

them all his work will go forward in this community, and in this nation; and it will go forward without limit of time. The Puritan Church through him will continue to exercise a wide and precious influence in the American community. He has been a great servant of the Puritan Church: he has been a great master for many disciples.

INFORMAL RECEPTION

FOLLOWING the singing of Dr. Cross' hymn, written especially for the occasion, "Strong tower of truth against the sky," and the benediction by the Reverend John Hopkins Denison, minister of the Central Church, an informal reception of the guests, by Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, was held in the chapel.

Dinner given by the Old South Club at Hotel Somerset

The Fifteenth of April, Nineteen Hundred and Nine

HOSPITALITY

MR. FRANK W. NOYES, THE PRESIDENT OF THE OLD SOUTH CLUB, RESPONDED TO THE TOAST, "HOSPITALITY"

MR. NOYES' RESPONSE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

IT is the high privilege of this Club to-night to provide the occasion for speaking words of appreciation of the great work done by the minister of the Old South Church. It is very appropriate that to the Old South Club should be left this duty, this privilege, because the mission of the pastor of this church has been to inspire, enlighten, and guide young men. They have looked for a man who should stand erect and be a man! — foursquare to every wind that blows; and they have found such a man in this pulpit. The young men of this church and community have found in Dr. Gordon their guide and their inspiration.

It is not my function to dwell at length upon our pastor's service or character; but only to extend a welcome, and introduce the Toastmaster of the evening, the Honorable, and honored, John W. Hammond, Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court, who will preside.

LAW AND GOSPEL

HON. JOHN W. HAMMOND, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS, RESPONDED TO THE TOAST,

"LAW AND GOSPEL"

MR. JUSTICE HAMMOND'S RESPONSE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I DEFY anybody to go into Dr. Gordon's church and sit down and not listen to him. He compels attention. There is no chance to get asleep. His preaching is very effective in that way. But back of it all, gentlemen, we all know that way down under all and back of all lies the man of integrity and of Christian faith! Such a man may not agree with everybody's views; but whether he agrees or not, the view which he has is the one which he expresses.

There are a great many people in this world that never know what people think of them. I know many a man who thinks he is the pink of virtue and truth, whose reputation for truth and veracity is not good; but there comes a time when a man finds out what people think of him. He may be working slowly as the coral reefs are growing, thinking only of the simple work he is doing, and trying to do it as best he can; if a business man, clerking in a store, some day the employer comes round and promotes him — sometimes to his surprise; but that is the test

by which the young man knows that he is satisfactory to his employer. Sometimes it is a prominent and useful position in public life that is vacant and a man is promoted to it; sometimes the appointment is unsolicited; then he knows whether he has been regarded as faithful in the things which he has done. Sometimes, at the end of twenty-five years, comes such a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm and exhibition of love as you have seen this week towards our Pastor. These are not *words* — these are *deeds!* and they indicate to him, better than anything else can, the good results of his ministry. This celebration, I believe, will lead Dr. Gordon to go on all the farther and better. He has reached the twenty-fifth post: may he live to reach the fiftieth!

CHRISTIAN AMITY, A MESSAGE FROM SISTER CHURCHES

MR. JUSTICE HAMMOND INTRODUCED THE REVEREND JAMES DE NORMANDIE, D.D., AS FOLLOWS: IT IS MY DUTY TO INTRODUCE TO YOU A GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU ALL KNOW TO BE A BROAD-MINDED, CHRISTIAN MAN, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU REV. DR. DE NORMANDIE, WHO WILL SPEAK ON "CHRISTIAN AMITY, A MESSAGE FROM SISTER CHURCHES"

DR. DE NORMANDIE'S RESPONSE

Mr. President, Members of this Ancient Historic Church, Invited Guests, Ladies, and Doctor Gordon :

IT is rather a weighty responsibility you have placed upon me to speak for all the churches of Boston. If it were a matter of theology purely, of the declaration of those things which are surely believed among us, it might be that not every one would quite agree with my views.

But it is not a question of theology, but of religion ; of the warm, frank, earnest feeling that we have toward this preacher of righteousness, this preacher of a pure and undefiled religion, the preacher of a broad religion which underlies and overtops all narrow or outgrown doctrines; for it is theology which separates us, and religion which binds us together. It is theology which makes the divisions and discords ; it is religion which brings harmony and peace. And I am quite confident that in these words to this preacher I bring the sincere welcome of every church in Boston, of every church in Massachusetts, of every church in New England, of every church in this country or beyond the seas which has kept in touch with his teachings for twenty-five years.

In our settlement over two of the oldest and most distinguished churches in this country, Dr. Gordon and myself are but a few months apart. He had, as I recall, a little more difficult time in passing the ordeal of his settlement than I had; but those differences are soon forgotten in these days. He has referred recently, with a good deal of emphasis, to some of the difficulties and trials he had in the early years of his pastorate, and that they were good for him. I am quite sure it is always a good thing for a young man to have something to struggle against, some opposition to try his metal.

Dr. Gordon during these twenty-five years has been leading us from doctrines pent up and too close for the advancing study and truth of man, on and on to the boundless ocean of diviner truth! Now perhaps he never could have done this so well and so wisely if he had not been nurtured in the awful strictness of the Scotch kirk, and yet never since Burns, in his "Holy Willie's Prayer," so fiercely attacked and almost demolished the rigid Calvinism of his day has it had a more powerful exposure than in Dr. Gordon's article on the "Collapse of the New England Theology," published in the Harvard Theological Review.

The story is told of an eminent Scotch preacher who asked one of his kirk what he thought about the minister with whom he had

just exchanged. "I did not like him," said the clerk; "I do not like these ministers who keep holding up to us the Ten Commandments and telling us to obey them: there are too many of them — I never could keep more than the first half of them!" But he continued, "What I like best in preaching is that kind which jumbles the judgment and confounds the senses, and for the like of that, Doctor, I never heard any preaching equal to yours!" There have been a great many persons who have come to like that kind of preaching, for it is rather the mark of a distinguished theologian. They think he is sound; sometimes it proves to be unsound, — but you have nothing of that in your preacher, and when you add to the strength of his philosophical statement a great clearness and simplicity in practical bearing, a broad humanity, a deep sympathy and touch of pathos, and poetry the sentiment of religion, — you have found the secret of the ministry which is irresistible, pervasive, enduring, uplifting.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION

MR. BLISS PERRY, EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, RESPONDED TO THE TOAST, "LITERATURE AND RELIGION"

MR. PERRY'S RESPONSE

Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen, Friends of Doctor Gordon:

I HAVE been asked to say a word about "Religion and Literature." A light and passing ten-minute topic!

We are accustomed to say of religion that it is "the life of God in the soul of man." Literature is the life and soul of man expressed in words. Words are poor things. One never realizes more their poverty than when he tries to place them at the service of friendship. And yet words are wonderful things, because they are colored with the thoughts, the experiences, the dreams and desires of men. We have outgrown that old distinction between sacred and profane literature, sacred and profane history. We have learned that there is not and that there are not two laws for the progress of the world. There is but one law; and yet if it is ever right to use that word *sacred* for anything save the living soul, we have a right to apply it to those books wherein men have written the record of their search after God.

This sacred literature was long, as you know, the chief study of the educated clergy of New

England. From the beginning the wisest of them have always maintained that new light is still to break forth from the word of God. Their theories of inspiration have changed with their theology, with the development of historical criticism, with a wider knowledge of the literatures of the world. But they have always held steadily to the fact of inspiration — that it is life, and life only, that can kindle life. Trained by this contact with the noblest literature, they have also searched the records of the human heart. They have sometimes made of its dark secrets a too painful analysis, a too morbid Christianity; they have declared with Browning's hero, that "priests should study passion; how else cure mankind . . . who come for help in passionate extremes?" They have searched the memorials of human society, and they have found in Babylonian clay, Egyptian papyrus, and Greek and Roman parchment and marble corroborative testimony to the will of God seen in history and literature. Our clergymen of New England have chiefly served their generation by preaching. It is a preacher whom we honor to-night, a master of assemblies. I know and you know that Dr. Gordon has written many books; they are masculine, progressive, reverent discussions of the greatest themes; they touch on the larger problems of philosophy, history, and poetry; they are beautiful in workmanship, they are

magnetic, helpful, human; you will find a good deal of George Gordon in them when you read them; you will hear again, back of the phrases, that rich, friendly voice; you will see rising before you again that noble, bodily presence!

His chief tool in these twenty-five years of service to our community has been the spoken word. It has been his task to bring home to the individual conscience the truth as he saw it with all the magnificent resources of the living man. You, who have had the happiness of listening often to him, will not be likely to underestimate that power of the spoken word. Men of letters very often forget it, and yet the audible word still conveys to millions of our fellow-men all that they ever know of literature. He "who spake as never man spake," with flashing imagery and tender beauty, with poetry and satire and hyperbole unrivaled, never — so far as we know — wrote a line. And to-day the ministers, who, following their Master's example, are content to preach the good tidings of the kingdom of God, find that the common people, who are no mean judges of literature, always hear them gladly. We laymen sometimes confess our dislike of popular preaching. What we dislike, I take it, is listening to cheap sociology, amateur political economy, frock-coated melodrama in the pulpit.

That Dr. Gordon has held this great and increasing audience for twenty-five years is a testi-

mony, not only to the earnestness, the power, and devoutness of his utterance ; it is also an evidence of the literary excellence of that utterance. They have been years of labor, incessant, wearying. He has a right to reply as did John Wesley when a woman came — as she said — with a message from the Lord, that he was laying up treasures on earth, taking his ease and minding only his eating and drinking. "I told her," says Wesley, in his diary, "I told her that God knew me better, and that if he had sent her he would have sent her with a more proper message!"

Now, gentlemen, when this preaching of the living word is ripened with knowledge, and enriched by many-sided contact with affairs, and mellowed with compassion for humanity, it possesses the qualities which give literature its permanence. Literature is an expression of the whole life of man ; and religion is an integral part of our human experience. The writers who affect to ignore it, as so many writers appear to ignore it nowadays, are trying to play upon a harp with muted strings. If you say, as George Eliot did once, that God is inconceivable, immortality unbelievable, whatever else you are doing you are just so far sentencing literature to silence, because it is precisely on the topics of God and immortality that literature has thus far spoken with her noblest voice. Dr. George Gordon has long listened to those voices. His own literary

style, so clean cut, so athletic, so rich with humor and pathos, has been formed by reverent intimacy with the masters of thought and verse. We love to see him turn to Plato and St. Paul, to Burns and Browning, with the happy freedom of old companionship; he quotes like a gentleman — knowing that he will be quoted also! He has a mind that is nourished on great thoughts, a soul fed by deep emotions. He has proved once more

the truth of that gay-hearted old riddle
of long ago, "Out of the eater comes
forth meat, and out of the
strong comes forth
sweetness."

THEOLOGY AND ETHICS

PROFESSOR GEORGE H. PALMER, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, RESPONDED TO THE TOAST, "THEOLOGY AND ETHICS"

PROFESSOR PALMER'S RESPONSE

Mr. Toastmaster, Members and Guests of the Old South Club:

THE topic on which I wish to speak is not indeed different from that which is assigned me: it is the same thing — for it is "The Reverend George A. Gordon!"

I wanted to talk about him to-night, and to talk about a special view of him; for you people of this Old South Church naturally enough imagine you own this man — but you do not. It is one of the glorious peculiarities of a great man that he cannot be possessed by any single company, by any single institution: he belongs to his community; he belongs to all thoughtful and earnest men. We should not feel that this occasion was properly organized were it not possible for some representative of Harvard to appear here and say that our great University is as truly the debtor to your minister as are you, yourselves. And, indeed, when I come to ask myself why it is that you feel so deeply indebted to him, I see that it is precisely for those reasons that we also are. Analyze in your own minds what are his fundamental characteristics which have so en-

deared him to you. Are they not these? You think of him as a scholar; you think of him as a preacher; you think of him as a master of men.

I remember just thirty years ago this year when he first appeared in the College yard: a hostile person he was at that time! He had been reading the papers, and from them he had learned that Harvard University was a home of atheism; it was a place where noble and earnest characters were broken down; unhappily, also, it was the only place in the country where the young man could devote himself to Greek and to philosophy without taking other studies. The two things that he wanted to know then were the two things that he has wanted to know ever since and on which he has nourished himself — Greek literature and philosophy. He was obliged therefore to come to this dangerous spot of Harvard, and he had not been there six months before he and his sponsor became among the most ardent devotees and apostles of Harvard!

The traits which have been dominant in him throughout his life with you here manifested themselves with us. He has been a scholar in the ministry — and how rare they are! how mistakenly rare! how eager the public is for instruction! Those ministers who will think clearly and speak straight — what a profound influence they have! And yet, how few seek this noble

office! Early in life he understood the importance of this, and when he left Harvard for his little parish in Connecticut, he went there as a student, and those of you who are familiar with his early call to this great church know how he hesitated for a year because he feared that, coming to Boston, these scholarly aims would be set aside in practical work. But he has known how to reconcile those two, and thus he has gone on to a second great characteristic, which has marked him here.

He has been a great preacher; and preaching he has conceived in its noblest terms, as that which must be thought out with elaborate care — yes, with anxiety and toil by the minister himself. And then he has adopted the view of preaching which Martineau so admirably set forth: that the sermon must be a lyric which has a touch of poetry, which has an imaginative appeal to the feelings and the will of those who hear, but resting on a solid intellectual foundation. Surely no one has sat in that great church and listened to those sublime appeals without being swept away from himself — swept away up into the very presence of God by those great lyrics!

Only five years after Dr. Gordon took his Bachelor's degree at Harvard he was called into a very venturesome service there. We then decided to sweep away all authoritative religion;

to make religion an opportunity; to give it as a privilege to our students, where before it had been something enforced. And, accordingly, we desired to have every aspect of the religious life represented in those who should make this appeal. Our Board of five preachers was constituted, and with Phillips Brooks engaged cordially in the same work; and into that Board Dr. Gordon came, only five years out of college. What a venturesome service it was, and how nobly has it been performed. For five years he stayed on that Board, at great personal sacrifice to himself. Then, finding other things urgent, he laid it aside for a brief time; he has returned to us again, and this is now his third year of service with us. You can imagine the depth of his influence there.

I wonder how many of you have seen an admirable little book, by Professor Peabody, on "Mornings in the College Chapel," which he, with great justice, dedicated to your pastor. Thinking not all of you would have seen his friendly words, I copied them off and thought to bring them to you. He writes:

Twenty years ago we were set to keep the light;
Five of us shared the watch through the first long winter's night:
One, our captain, sank in duty's pitiless foam,
Two, our veterans, wait by the shore for their summons home.

The years and the faces pass, and the keepers come and go
Like the sea of life beneath them, with its ceaseless ebb and flow.
Still at your post you stand, high up in the light-house tower,
Guarding the way of life, speaking the word of power;
Resolute, tender, wise, free in the love of the truth.
Tending the flame of the Christ, as it marks the channel of youth.
And the task we were set, my brother, has it failed in these twenty years,
Has the light gone out in the night of doubt, or the smothering fog of fears?
Thank God, in the shifting tides of life the tower of prayer still stands,
And in His name the undimmed flame is fed by loyal hands.
What shall we pledge to the College which trusted us so, my friend,
But a loving prayer, and a constant care to serve her till the end?

That is the spirit that your pastor has brought to us. You think of him as quickening you; he has quickened class after class of the young men who are going out to lead this country.

Yes, but his power, neither with you nor with us, has been confined to these two functions. He is a master of men. He has raised your church into something like the Puritan cathedral. We Congregationalists abolished bishops long

ago, it is said. I think rather we abolished the mode of choosing them; we have them chosen by natural selection, and Dr. Gordon has risen to be almost a bishop of our body. When any of us are in perplexity, we turn to him, — he guides. He steered us through much of the Andover trouble. He has been a beacon light for many in steering their way through these perplexing shoals of modern theology. Yes, and in practical questions no less. Well, long ago we too, at Harvard, discerned these powers in him, and therefore for twelve years he has served us as one of the governors of the College. We have a Board of Overseers — thirty men — picked men out of all our Alumni; they must be men of such eminence, men so noted for practical sagacity that the great body of our graduates will select them out of all whom they might choose. And for twelve years Dr. Gordon has been on that Board — twelve years of great consequence in the life of the University. It was easy to suspect the policies that our great leader, President Eliot, has introduced; it was easy to get up a reaction against them; it was a matter of vast consequence to the future that they should be preserved. While Dr. Gordon has been an admirable critic of those measures, he has stood firmly by all that made for the strength of the University in those things.

Such, then, are the three functions in which

both you and we have marked him as preëminent, and yet I suppose in the very fact of my calling attention to these I show how small they are. Great as he is, he is a tender and lovable human being; we go to him for sympathy in small matters; we honor him, we admire him in our secret hearts; we are glad when he bows to us from across the way; when we come into his presence we feel raised into some higher sphere. You and we have known these things for years: I hope he is finding them out.

PEW TO PULPIT

MR. JOHN WELLS MORSS RESPONDED TO THE TOAST,
"PEW TO PULPIT"

MR. MORSS' RESPONSE

Mr. Toastmaster, Doctor Gordon, and Friends:

I SHOULD like to dwell on the benefit which the Old South people have received from the preaching of Dr. Gordon. I should like persuasively to explain how I and others have grown in grace under such preaching. But for all this time is lacking. I had thought to remind you of some of the reasons for the admiration and regard which we in the pews have for our minister. But here the time limitation is less severe than I first thought. Those who have preceded me have covered much of the ground and you will yourselves think of many reasons which need not, and others which cannot, be enumerated.

I would, however, rejoice with you for a moment over some of the qualities which endear the guest of the evening to us whom he most directly serves — qualities which would have made us love him in the pew had he never occupied a pulpit. We rejoice that he loves a joke and can tell a good story; that he is a delightful host, a prize as a guest, and, indeed, always com-

panionable when we would take our ease. We rejoice that he is a man with whom it is a delight to talk on any subject, so stimulating is his revelation of intellectual power, his touch with the best in books and life, and his sane and courageous judgment. We rejoice that we have a chief with whom it is a real satisfaction to do business, because he is open minded to the presentation of fact and argument and possesses a grasp of sound business principles and a common sense rare among ministers, or, for that matter, in any class of the community. We rejoice that we have a pastor to whom we can go with our joys and aspirations, with our griefs and troubles and self-criticism, sure of receiving the understanding of one profound in his knowledge of human nature, and also of receiving that sympathy and wise guidance which can be given only by one who has a high faith in his kind and in God's righteousness and compassion.

And as character surpasses power, we especially rejoice that here is a man who has no thought of self-seeking and is responsive to the subtlest calls of honor. This is of peculiar importance to the Old South, because of the temptations to sloth and extravagance which come to us from Madame Norton's endowment fund. From my own knowledge I can testify that our success in resisting these temptations has been greatly furthered—yes—and our accepted

standards as to what is temptation raised much higher than would otherwise be possible, because Dr. Gordon keenly appreciates our duty in this direction, and by refusing proffered benefits for himself unselfishly sets us a good example. This may not be one of the great achievements of Dr. Gordon, but it surely is of a quality which shows the character of the man.

In closing, I would say a word of the future. We are grateful for the last twenty-five years' growth of the Old South in numbers, power, and usefulness, and for the leadership which has rendered that growth possible. But I for one do not believe that this anniversary celebrates for Dr. Gordon the culmination of a career, or marks for the Old South the end of a period of progress. To me it is remarkable how the preaching of our minister has been steadily increasing in power and effectiveness since he was fifty, and the sermon here is but the mirror of the man. If a man can so continue to grow after a quarter of a century, there is no reason why an organization to which so much is given as to our church, to whose standard our leader is constantly attracting new recruits — there is no reason why such a body should cease to advance unless we in the pews relax our efforts. And we do not intend to relax. On the contrary we hereby pledge ourselves to a service more earnest

and devoted than ever before. Therefore, I dare prophesy that for many years there can fitly be applied to both Dr. Gordon and the Old South the words of the poet:

"The best is yet
to be."

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

DR. GORDON RESPONDED TO THE TOAST, "RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT," IN ACKNOWLEDGING THE TRIBUTES PAID TO HIM BY THE PRECEDING SPEAKERS

DR. GORDON'S RESPONSE

Mr. Justice Hammond, Fellow Members of the Old South Club, Guests of the Old South Church, and Ladies:

THERE is a premonitory significance in this meeting, as if it were a rehearsal of a coming professional funeral. I have myself frequently assisted at similar obsequies during the last twenty-five years, and now my time has come, as it comes to all. On such occasions I have invariably tried to tell the truth, and while I must confess that I have here and there strained a virtue or an excellence, I have cherished the hope that I might be forgiven because of the tender humanity of my motive. In the proceedings of this evening I see a similar elevation of purpose, an equal humanity issuing in a more than equal tenderness toward my work. Of the speakers one and all, misguided as they have been, I say with Burns:

> "But yet the light that led astray
> Was light from heaven."

You cannot quite realize my pride and happiness in hearing my former teacher, Professor Palmer, speak about me as he has done to-night. When

I first met him, and during the year in which I was his pupil, I always met him with a Damascus blade in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other — and I never knew whether I was going up for coronation or decapitation! He was one of the two completely objective examiners I ever had, and till this evening I always felt that I deserved all that I got from Professor Palmer. I have a right also to say that the body of ideas which he brought before me, both by incomparable exposition and consistent criticism, has been with me for thirty-one years, the foundation of all my thinking and intellectual growth since. I have never had an opportunity till now to express to Professor Palmer my profound and affectionate thanks.

I cannot trust myself to thank Professor Bliss Perry for his golden words. I see in them less of a tribute to myself and more of a master's confession of the kinship between literature and religion, a confession too by one who is both man of letters and speaker of the transcendent influence upon human life of true words spoken with sincerity and simplicity and the pressure behind them of a noble character. In the light of his superb testimony we preachers see our calling with the halo encircling it that belongs to it by divine right. For this testimony we render Professor Perry our thanks and honor.

What shall I say in your name and my own to Doctor de Normandie for his noble greeting? He

has brought us an expression of the sympathy and good-will of our sister churches in Boston ; no man among us is better fitted for that function ; he is himself the embodiment of affectionate and chivalrous regard for his fellow-ministers and his fellow-Christians. I say to him, for myself and for you, that we are happier because of his presence with us, as the religious life of our city is richer because of the sincerity and purity of his spirit.

The next speaker represented the Old South Society. He must allow me to use him as a symbol of that society. Both Mr. Morse, the chairman of the standing committee, and Mr. Edward C. Johnson, the treasurer, represent in their devoted and able services the genius of the Old South Society. More than thirty years ago the Supreme Court of Massachusetts recognized that the trust of the Society was a trust ideally administered. From the beginning of my ministry here I have watched the administration of this trust with grateful admiration. By all the members of the standing committee and by members of the Society on many other committees time and service have been largely and freely given with no thought of compensation, from no other motive than pride and joy in the ever-extending good influence of the Society. It would be a painful embarrassment to me if I were not allowed at this time to express my thanks and my obligations to the Old South Society.

The ministry that has been so magnificently praised here this evening is not mine alone or mainly. For nearly eight years I have been supported by the assistant minister of the church, Dr. Allen E. Cross, a brilliant mind, a willing servant, a devoted friend; and during the present year I have had the noble help of the minister's assistant, Rev. Warren S. Archibald. No minister ever had more efficient officers than I have had; no minister to-day in the whole country owes more to his officers than I do to the six officers at present serving the Old South Church.

The work organized and carried forward by the women of the church is in itself a special distinction. Without that work we should be poor indeed; without it the merciful humanities of the church would languish, its devotional spirit would be distinctly less, and the social fellowship in which we rejoice would be greatly reduced. In the Old South Church from the beginning the women have played a noble part; their work has been hidden but none the less important, like the mainspring in the watch. For that hidden power, that modest but potent influence, that gentle but inspiring force, we return thanks and honor.

We have the Old South Club, from whose President we have heard this evening, a club numbering more than one hundred and seventy members, a club in full sympathy with the religious purpose of the church, and while pursuing

literary and social ends, reaching out in these days toward ends of social reform. We have a great parish, united, enthusiastic, seeking to serve this community, proud of a church two hundred and forty years old, with men and women happy to be in the church in which Benjamin Franklin was baptized, in which Samuel Adams was a communicant, in which the great voices of the Revolution rang; a church whose history more than that of any other in the city has been identified with the character, ideals, and hopes and patriotism of the community. These men and these women have helped mightily to produce this ministry, and I divide with them the honor of the evening.

Overestimation, undue devotion gives acute pain, therefore I give you, my people, back more than half of what you have given me. It belongs to you; besides, in dealing justly I give one substantial sign of retaining, what Judge Hammond hoped I might retain, a level head. Macaulay on one occasion said that he did not feel intoxicated by his success, but added the discreet remark that a man may be drunk and not know it. So far I am conscious of no intoxication, whether warranted in that feeling or not. I will tell you why I think I am immune. The theologians tell us there is such a thing as prevenient grace—which does not effect regeneration, but goes a good way toward it. Now I had my prevenient grace from an austere and noble father. When

I went forth to seek my livelihood, at the age of eleven, my father told me with such emphasis and sincerity as to leave in my mind no room for doubt, that I was below the average in ability and that my only salvation was in honest, steady work! And so deeply did his gospel go into my nature that when I went home from the meeting last Monday evening his words came back to me over the expanse of five and forty years with inexpressible tenderness and power. And that great meeting seemed to me a dream, wholly beautiful and wholly incredible! And yet a dream may serve a great purpose. A man certainly no better than I went out once on a long journey and came to a solitary place and laid himself down to sleep and dreamed a dream of a ladder which reached from the stone on which he laid his head to heaven. On that ladder the angels of God ascended and descended. He awoke and knew it was a dream, and yet he awoke with the feeling, new in him, of a great intention in his life, with the feeling that God was in that place, though he knew it not, and with the further feeling of awe and regret and hope — all in consequence of that dream!

And the dream in which I have been living, wholly beautiful, wholly incredible, for the last week — *dream* as it is — has given me a new sense of the intention of my existence, of its significance for my fellow-men; a new sense of God in the world — Immanuel — a new awe, a new regret,

a new hope! A little book was put into my hands last Monday afternoon which absolutely overwhelmed me. I refer not now to the gift — a gift in anticipation of the time, perhaps, when I can no longer earn my bread, a gift with a sweet and pious reference to the future, a gift with a religious beauty in it to which I can make no further reference now — but the Book itself with five hundred and fifty *names*, young men and maidens, old men and little children, and others under the burden and heat of the day, a Book that shall be an everlasting memorial, whose names shall be engraven on the tablets of my heart forever — a precious Volume, that, when the inevitable evening comes, shall be a gracious fulfillment of the promise, "At evening-time there shall be light"; that Book is part of the great dream in which I have been living and meeting God in the humanity of my people.

A minister lives for his generation. There have been fifteen ministers of the Old South preceding me. From Mr. Thatcher to my immediate predecessor, Dr. Manning, fifteen ministers have had their distinct congregations; and I love to think of them in that world of light whither they have gone, with those to whom they broke the "bread of life" here, surrounding them there, together, swelling the richness of that mysterious existence upon which they have entered. We are traveling the same path. Others will fill your

places and another will soon fill mine: but the richness of our fellowship is forever, and I open my life to your love and your confidence, and I give you back mine without limit, without bound!

Many warm hearts have wished me another twenty-five years of service here. I indulge in no sanguine hopes for the future. I should like to serve for a few years more if God will. For any minister even among the best of friends the Old South Church must be a great burden. I remember when I came to this country first I dropped into a safe factory and I worked with a good-natured Irishman, whose name was John (I never knew the other part of his name). John was always looking for a soft job. If there was a piece of iron to be lifted, I had to lift more than half every time. But he was good-natured and a good friend. I did not see him for thirteen years. After my settlement at the Old South Church I was walking down Boylston Street and saw him working in a doorway, and I said, "John, do you know me?" "Know you?"—I will not quote literally—"I would know you anywhere. Och! but it's a soft job you've got now!" That is the popular impression; I think a good many of my brethren have thought so. I would like as many of these men as might be to become my successors; that I think would lead them to a change of heart.

When I came to Boston Phillips Brooks was

preaching at the height of his power in Trinity Church; Dr. Duryea, a strong man, was in Central Church; Dr. Herrick, one of the most accomplished preachers our body ever had, was at Mt. Vernon Church; James Freeman Clarke, a preacher and a writer of national repute, was in the Church of the Disciples; Edward Everett Hale was in the South Church, Brook Hereford was the popular minister of Arlington Street Church, Henry Foote was the King's Chapel Saint, and other men not unworthy to be named with these filled other pulpits of the city; and I a stripling of thirty-one appeared among these sons of the prophets! Was it a soft job? I began my ministry in an environment charged with the intensest and noblest kind of hostility, that inspired by the fear lest evil might befall precious interests of the human spirit, and in this environment the task assigned me was called "a soft job." I never thought of it that way. I thought of it as stern duty, as holding more work than I could do if I had been as strong as Samson; I felt the grind year in and year out; I felt the isolation, almost desolation, with hardly a song bird to be heard anywhere, except the sweet voices of love and cheer that rang inside the Old South Church; and all that for ten hard and great years. I am thankful for them. I would go through them again to gain what they brought. They did me a world of good; they did much to shake

out the chaff from character, from faith, and from the objects of desire; they did much to increase within me the sense of what manhood is, life, service, God, and hope! This kind of warfare is great, but it inclines one who has been in it for twenty-five years to readiness to lay down the sword when the strength to wield it shall no longer remain. Against that day I hope I shall be ever in the watch tower.

And now, dear friends, I must not prolong these remarks. Let me thank the eminent men who have done us the honor to come hither as our guests. They have brought us inspiration, they have greatened our sense of self-respect. Let me thank again and from my heart the speakers for what they have said. I do not believe their description of me, but I receive their good-will and their love with utmost thanks.

Let me thank you one and all for this affecting expression of confidence and regard, let me continue to be your friend and servant as I can and as I may; let us together seek the fresh dedication of the Old South Church to the sovereign interests of this community, and let us look to God for a higher wisdom and a diviner spirit.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

THE REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D., *Minister*
THE REV. ALLEN E. CROSS, D.D., *Assistant Minister*
THE REV. WARREN S. ARCHIBALD, *Minister's Assistant*

Deacons

ARTHUR S. JOHNSON
WILLIAM L. McKEE
GEORGE P. MORRIS
LEWIS A. CROSSETT
WILLIAM F. WHITTEMORE
HERBERT D. HEATHFIELD

Clerk: J. CONVERSE GRAY

Church Committee

THE MINISTER, ASSISTANT MINISTER, DEACONS
CLERK OF THE CHURCH

RICHARD H. STEARNS
FRANK W. HUNT
GEORGE W. MERRILL
RICHARD H. STEARNS, JR.
WILLIAM H. ROBEY, JR.
J. HOWARD LEMAN
HENRY A. GUILER
WILLIAM H. HITCHCOCK

Superintendent of Sunday School: RICHARD H. STEARNS, JR.

Asst. Supt. of Sunday School: JOHN GORDON

OLD SOUTH SOCIETY IN BOSTON

Standing Committee

JOHN WELLS MORSS, Chairman

WILLIAM H. PITKIN
WOLCOTT H. JOHNSON
GEORGE H. DAVENPORT
J. CONVERSE GRAY
EDWARD B. BAYLEY
ALPHEUS H. HARDY
SAMUEL CARR

Treasurer: EDWARD C. JOHNSON

Clerk: GEORGE W. MERRILL

Date Due

FACULTY

BX7150 .B704 A3
Twenty-fifth anniversary : record of the
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00038 4950